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The
Golden
Road



April **The Golden Rod** 1909



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BASKET BALL TEAM

Photo by Nerses

The Golden-Rod

QUINCY, MASS., APRIL, 1909



Following a long established precedent, the Senior class only has had a class motto, and then only at the last moment before graduation. Now we think that more real good would be received from a motto, if the class had it to live up to for four years; that is, instead of the outgoing class only choosing a motto, the incoming class should make their choice at the beginning of their course. Let this sink in deep for consideration. Realize that you, the under classes, must set the example, and also start the ball rolling,—rolling toward new and improved ideas.

There is plenty of “red tape” involved in obtaining permission to go to the school library to get a book, but there is no “red tape” there to keep the books where they belong. Therefore it is for each user of the library to show some consideration for the one who follows him. Put the book back where you found it. Somebody else will want to refer to it, and that somebody may not have used the library enough to know that the “History of Greece” is probably on the shelf marked “English Poetry.”

So do a little thinking on your own account and for the benefit of those who come later to the library.

In 1809 many of our noted men were born, and this year, 1909, we are celebrating their hundredth anniversaries. Already we have celebrated the anniversaries of Poe, Lincoln, Mendelssohn, Darwin, Chopin, and Edward Fitzgerald. In this group is represented the poet, the statesman, the musician, and the naturalist. In June, comes the centenary of Richard Milnes, statesman and poet. In August, come the celebrations of Kinglake, historian; Tennyson, poet laureate; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet and essayist. The last celebration of the year is that of the great English statesman, Gladstone.

As the time for another class to enter this honorable edifice is drawing near, we would like to bring before their notice, and before the notice of the class of 1912, the idea of a school pin. At present three classes have pins

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and they all differ in design, so that an outsider cannot tell what school the pin represents. Would it not be better to have a pin that would suggest Quincy High school at once to the public? In choosing a pin of this sort, the design should be the same for all classes. The only changes necessary would be the numerals for the different years and a change in color of enamel, if enamel were used. It is hoped that the school will give this plan careful consideration.

Several criticisms have been received by the editors of this paper about the last number. In preparing this issue we have attempted to profit by those criticisms and tried to make this number satisfactory to the school. The school should make the suggestions of improvement since this is a school paper. Further, as this is not a class paper, the school as a whole should help make it interesting. I mean by this that the pupils should send in contributions in the shape of jokes, stories, etc., instead of leaving it to the editors. If this were done, the school would show more interest than it does at present.



Locals

A large drawing of "The House of the Seven Gables" was made for the English III classes by George Holteen, '10. This drawing can be seen in Room 23. It is well done in every detail and represents much hard work, for it was drawn merely from the description in the book.

The drawings by Mr. Northrop for the Golden Rod have added much to the success of the paper. He certainly has many funny ideas and can represent them well on paper.

Two of the 1908 graduates have had their studies at college interrupted by sickness. William Nolan of Yale suffered from an attack of diphtheria, and Stanley Sherman of Amherst

was obliged to discontinue work for seven weeks, on account of typhoid fever. Both are now back at their respective colleges, studying to make up for lost time.

Argumentation is over for English IV. Narration has taken its place, but before we left argumentation, our knowledge of the principles of the subject was put to practical use in a series of debates. These debates, four in number, brought out several personal characteristics, not so noticeable in everyday recitation. There were several instances of imitation of Burke: the one that created the greatest sensation was that in which "The noble Lord in the Blue Ribbon" was changed to "my opponent in the red necktie."

Once more the college divisions of the Senior English classes exhibited their powers of speechmaking with even greater success than before. This time the subjects for the discourses were based upon Burke, his ideas, and his times. This variety of subjects formed more than a passing interest for the classes, (and also for the study pupils in the room at the time) and not one pupil declined to rise before his classmates and deliver his previously planned and carefully conned talk. After all had spoken, vote was taken for the best speaker. Ruth Hardy carried off the honors in division A, and Walter Galvin in division C. This shows exceptionally good speaking on the part of these two, for to be first among all the excellent orators, (even though amateur) of English IV A and C, means pretty fine work.

Physical training! How little those two words meant to us a few weeks ago! How much they mean to us at the present time and how much they are going to mean to us in the future! Who does not look forward with expectation to that particular day and period during which "gym" comes? What a grand rush for the locker room! What a hur-

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ry to get on the floor! Then comes the setting up drills, running, walking and all kinds of relay races, and last the shower baths, warm—then cold. This is followed by excited exclamations, as, “Get a move on, there’s the last bell!” “What a skin! wait a shake, till I get my necktie tied.” “Where’s my shoes?” “Somebody ‘pinched’ my stocking,” etc. A quick scramble up the stairs, three at a jump, only to be asked, “Why are you late?” But the fun is not all; there is a practical side to physical training. Mr. Hermann does not promise to work miracles, but he is trying to educate and train our bodies even as our other teachers educate and train our minds. Scientists say that to have a strong and clear mind, we must first build up a strong and healthy body.

The hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln’s birth was very fittingly observed here in the High School. The exercises were opened with a song by the chorus, accompanied by the High School orchestra. After another song Miss Grace DeWolfe read a paper on the first part of Lincoln’s life, taking the period from his birth to early manhood. Another song was followed by the continuation of his life until he was a congressman, read by Forrest Royal. More singing, and then Hammond Pride took up his life and followed him through the presidency to his death. Mr. Cleveland then read the “Gettysburg Address.” The conclusion was “The Perfect Tribute,” very touchingly read by Miss Brown.

20 Students in Icy Water

That looks exciting and sounds all right—if the truth is not known. If the number were reduced to five or six, however, it would come nearer to actual facts. We will not try to describe the occurrence as most of you were eye witnesses. It was exciting and funny to see one of our teachers and five or six boys in the water March 9. We hope that none of the boys got more than a bath from their

ducking. Some one says that Mr. Graves was after a Carnegie medal. No, it was not that that caused our highly esteemed teacher to get wet. It was the Golden Rule and the breaking of the ice. Mr. Graves said it was not dangerous but a bit uncomfortable paddling around in that water and in a foot and a half of mud.

The Senior Dramatics

Senior Dramatics now form one of the absorbing topics of conversation. The two plays, the first to act as a “curtain raiser,” are “The Flying Wedge” and “The Elopement of Ellen.” They are under the direction of Miss Mary G. Brown, and the casts are as follows:

THE FLYING WEDGE.

Tom Hurlburt, Captain of Yale’s

Foot-ball Team,	Corliss Berry.
Percy Snyder, his friend,	William Bullock.
Alfred Chester, their chum,	Edwin Poland.
Miss Conelia Snyder,	Helen Brown.
Nellie Snyder, her niece,	Ruth Packard.
Kate Chester, her chum,	Mildred Lawton.
Mary Scribner, a reporter,	Frances Burke.
Mrs. O’Flynn, the janitress,	Doris Smith.

THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN.

Richard Ford, a devoted young

husband,	Chester Gurney.
Molly, his wife,	Ruth Hardy.
Robert Shepard, Molly’s brother,	John Nolan.
Max Ten Eyck, a chum of Robert	Lee Brooks.
Dorothy March, engaged to	
Max,	Dorothy Packard.
June Haverhill, Wellesley	
’09,	Lillian Sutterbegr.
John Hume, Rector of St.	
Agnes’,	Allison Marsh.

The Indian's Revenge

The sun was just rising over the mountains, casting its colored rays into the valleys and waking all toilers to life, as John Dean bestirred himself one May morning. He was a typical mountaineer, nothing more. Tall and erect, he carried himself with an easy grace which bespoke years of careful training in the woods and along the rivers. He was dressed in a well worn suit of homespun. A coonskin cap and moccasins completed his outfit. A rifle leaned against the side of a small cabin and in his belt he carried a knife. Picking two pails from the ground he swung off into the forest whistling a merry tune.

When he returned, he found a fire blazing cheerfully in front of the camp, for spring was in its glory and the cooking and eating were done outside the camp rather than around the hot fireplace within. The savory odor of coffee and bacon reached him and made the feeling of emptiness in his stomach more acute. Beside the fire there squatted an Indian, who was tending the fire and who was also giving a great deal of attention to a long and gaily colored pipe. He wore an old blue shirt, open at the throat, frayed buckskin breeches, and moccasins.

"How, Dean," he grunted as John hove in sight.

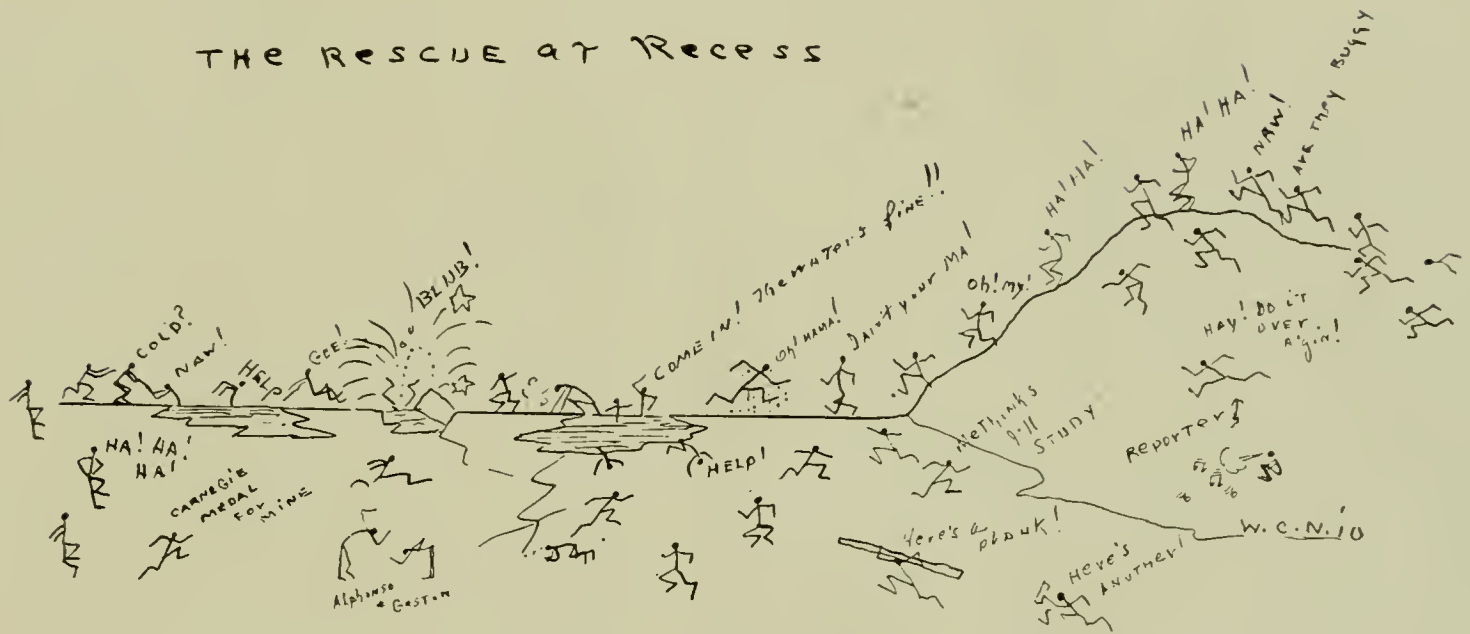
"Hello, me hearty," came in cheery response from the man climbing the bank from the river with two large pails of water. "This is the kind of mornin' ter make life worth livin', ain't it, neow?" he said as he deposited his burden on the ground. "By gum, chief, but that thar breakfas' does smell mighty temptin' this mornin'. don't it, neow? Hev the baby come out yet?"

"No, John, he no come out yet. Guess meb-be pretty tired, huh?" Then sitting back as though surprising himself by this long winded speech, the Indian packed the tobacco more firmly in his pipe and gravely continued to exhale great clouds of smoke.

How the Indian came to be a member of John Dean's camp and why they should all be found in the Alleghany Mountains beneath grand "Old Baldy" this beautiful May morning, must now be told. One night many years before, the chief was making his way across the great prairies, escaping, in the shadow of the night, a band of white men on his trail, when there descended on the prairie a blizzard. The Indian, although making a brave fight to keep up and pushing ahead in hopes of stumbling upon a shelter of some sort, was gradually growing weaker and with no hope of help would soon succumb. But leaving the chief fighting his way against the storm, let us visit a cabin, situated in the midst of the plains and completely obscured from view by the storm and darkness. The wild winds and the darkness and the snow do not bother those within the small cabin. For inside we find John Dean, seated before a great fireplace while on the floor at his side a golden haired infant is playing. Across the room the mother of the child was finishing the day's duties before seating herself by her husband's side near the great glowing logs. The mother paid as little attention to the baby as did its father, who was dozing in his chair. And so, receiving no attention, the mite felt grieved and making the best of its way to the door, he slowly pulled his little body erect and then could just reach the latch. As he lifted the latch making odd sounds of delight at his success, a burst of wind swept across the plains and meeting with only the resistance of the child, threw the door inward, striking "Boy" and throwing him across the room, where he set up a yelling which immediately convinced his father, who sprang to shut the door, that there was little harm done to him. As Dean tried to close the door against the wind and snow which came pouring in, he glanced out into the night, and in front of the cabin saw a dark huddled heap. Going swiftly into the darkness he found it to

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THE RESCUE AT RECESS



Athletic Notes

Training for Health and Efficiency

Sir James Paget once said, "I should like to see a personal ambition for renown in health as keen as that for bravery or for beauty, or for success in athletic games and field sports."

We are fast approaching this ideal of Sir Paget's, because all over our country we are teaching our young the value of health and how to secure it. Already there is a pretty good general knowledge of the great truth of the inter-dependence of mind and body, and of the fact that a really healthy mind cannot exist in an unhealthy body, and that physical education is the basis for all intellectual training.

A knowledge of all that pertains to per-
that which will make the body a ready servant
of the will.

To this end an intimate knowledge of all that pertains to personal hygiene is absolutely necessary. Judicious use of exercise is one part of this, the care of our teeth and nose and skin is important, and diet, rest and recrea-

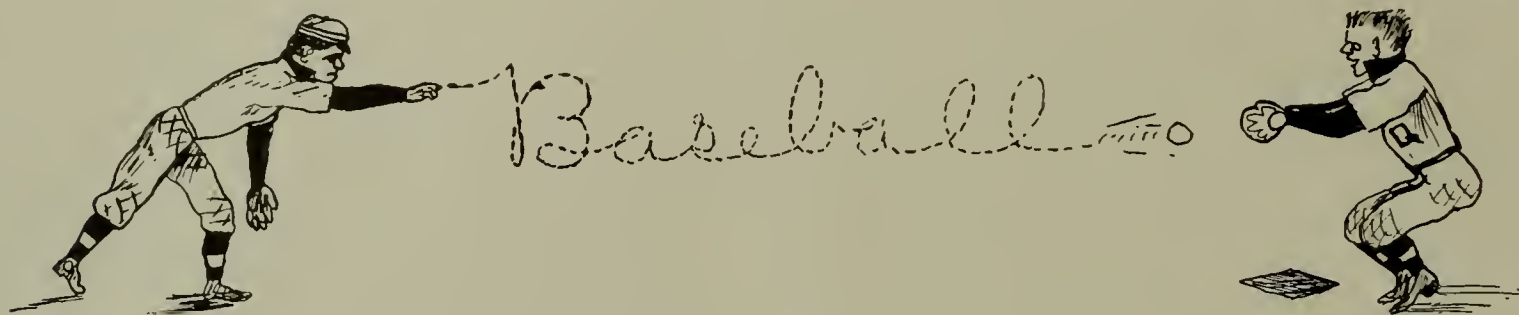
sonal hygiene will soon become the landmark of men and women of culture. Intemperance in mental and physical matters will become as much the mark of a weakling as is intemperance in eating and drinking. Any avoidable interference with health and efficiency will become a sign of inferiority and incompetence.

To be well balanced, to be efficient we must first train our bodies and then our minds. We must avoid as much onesided bodily training as we are trying to avoid onesided mental training. We must look upon physical training as upon all other education, namely as a means towards an end. The end of all education must be efficiency, mental, moral and physical. If we look upon physical education in this way we must emphasize all exercises which will stimulate harmonious bodily development and tion become vital factors.

If we want to become efficient members of society we must know our individual strength as well as our limitations, and we must guard against overdoing as well as underdoing. Above all we must ever guard and fortify our health.

Ernst Hermann.

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Base Ball

With this edition of the "Golden Rod" baseball is with us. The prospects of a good team are the best in years. In Galvin the team has not only a good ball player, but an able leader and with the school back of him, he should make a good showing.

For the various positions there are back from last year's team the following: ss., R. Bates; field, Galvin; p., S. Bates; l.c., Moorhouse; field, Howe; 2b., Murphy. There are also a number of second string men who will make a strong bid for the various positions.

Those who are trying for the pitching staff are as follows: S., Bates, Rice, Brooks, Chapman, Welch and Poland. For the position of catcher, Moorhouse, Tabb, Barry and Chapman are candidates.

Quincy High School has not supported a baseball team the way it should, and for lack of school backing many good teams have been spoiled. This year with everything in its favor the team will undoubtedly make a good showing if it can only have the support of the school.

School spirit. Turn out to the games and cheer. But, make sure it's cheering and not a private game behind the back-stop or sod slinging back of first base. Get together and cheer. Let the team know you're there. Let them know you're sure they'll win.

Also, when the score cards come around, if you happen to have a dime, buy one. A team needs financial support as much as anything else.

Mr. Holbrook has arranged a schedule in

which there are a number of home games. Now these cost money. Show your appreciation by turning out well to the games and by financial support.

Quincy High in the last two years has gone several notches higher in the ranking among the schools in and about Boston.

It's up to us to keep there.

This is a good chance.

Show them you can do it.

R. H. M. '09.

Base Ball Schedule

April 19 Gradnates at Quincy.

April 27 Bridgewater Normal at Bridgewater.

April 30 Abington at Quincy.

May 4 Everett at Quincy.

May 7 Open.

May 11 Brockton at Quincy.

May 14 Open.

May 19 Brockton at Brockton.

May 21 Milton at Milton.

May 26 Melrose at Quincy.

May 28 Dedham at Dedham.

June 1 Rockland at Quincy.

June 4 Plymouth at Quincy.

June 7 Medford at Quincy.

June 11 Open.

June 15 Dedham at Quincy.

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be a human being and pulling and dragging he got him into the house and closed the door on the storm without. Soon the Indian, for on closer inspection John had found it to be one, came around with the aid of hot drinks and blankets and told them the story of his flight through the storm and of his fall within a few feet of the cabin. Thus by the inquisitiveness of "Boy" was the chief found and rescued. As the Indian continued to make his home with the Deans, they soon became fast friends.

But the following spring had carried off the boy's mother and then it was that John Dean decided to come east to the Alleghanies with "Boy" and the "Chief." For two years they had lived in the region of the Smoky Mountains, hunting and fishing until one day the Indian scraping away the ground to prepare a place for a trap, unearthed a yellow gleam. Hastily gathering a few handfuls of the earth and marking the location, he went and showed his find to John Dean. They visited the place together and finding a quantity of the yellow grains all around, they made plans for washing it out and collecting it. In a few days they had all the rude implements of a placer miner and set to work. Daily they turned out a few ounces, the Indian working one day and Dean, the other. The one who was not mining would hunt or fish, keeping the camp supplied with food. The precious metal was kept in a canvas bag and hidden in a hollow oak near "No Man's Creek" about a mile from the camp. The secret was well kept and at the opening of our story, the boy, who was now a lad of six years, had a tidy sum held in trust for him by the Indian and old John Dean.

But one day while the camp was deserted, two prospectors came across it. That they saw all they wanted to see and enough to convince them there was gold near, was evident from their actions. They disappeared silently, carefully covering up their tracks.

That night the three comrades were gathered about the fire and their talk turned to the cold.

Old Man Dean had a presentiment of coming evil and decided to take the "Boy" and show him the hiding place of the hoard, next day. Suddenly there appeared before them two strangers, dressed in government khaki and carrying surveyors' instruments. They asked Dean if they might stay with him over night, a request speedily granted. Throwing down their packs they piled their tools and instruments inside the cabin. When they returned to the fire, pipes were produced while they told the old man their plans. Before they turned in for the night, it was decided that the Indian should guide them up the side of "Old Baldy" the next day and Dean was left with the "Boy" to carry out his plans free from hindrance.

Early the next morning two rough looking men rose from the ground, where they had passed the night, and shaking off the sleep langour, they made their way towards the camp. There they lay in hiding, just outside of the clearing, until first the Indian and the surveyors, then John Dean and the "Boy" had gone from the camp. Then crossing the clearing they took up the trail of the boy and his father.

The Indian by his knowledge of the country was able to get the government men to their destination without loss of time. They set up their instruments while the chief sat nearby smoking and watching. Before setting to work they took a look at the scene spread out before them. To the east and west, mountains, valleys, covered with a mass of green, met their eye. They looked through the glass and things became plainer to them. All the while the Indian sat watching, the light in his eyes only revealing the excitement he was repressing. The men noting his eager glances beckoned for him to look. As his eye swept the great expanse of land comprising mountains, rivers and valleys awakening to the first touch of spring, his stolidity vanished. His eyes shone and his body trembled. Surely this must be some great medicine, he thought. Suddenly as he looked, his face changed. What

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was it that could move him so terribly? He had been searching the far away hills with the glass, but he moved it so that it pointed down into the valley and as he looked through it, he saw a terrible scene enacted before his eyes down by "No Man's Creek." He saw Old John Dean stricken by a blow just as he was about to take the gold from its hiding place. He saw, too, that while one of the two men dragged out the treasure, the other picked up the boy and started on a run for the camp.

Without a word the Chief turned down the mountain side; faster he went until the rocks rolling under foot failed to keep pace with him in his rapid flight. The men left on the mountain looked through the transit and saw only poor old Dean's body huddled against the tree where he had been robbed of his treasure. So forsaking the glass they turned their attention to the men whom they plainly saw now, and to the Indian keeping up his headlong flight down the mountain side. But before the Chief had covered a third of the distance they saw the men throw the boy into a canoe and paddle off down the river. Knowing that the Indian would give his attention to the robbers they made their way toward the place where Dean was lying.

Reaching the camp the "Chief" saw that the men had taken the canoe and headed down the river. Plunging into the rushing waters he quickly crossed with swift, sure strokes to the opposite bank. Around the bend, close under the bank he kept his own light, birch canoe. With a shove he was in midstream. Faster and faster he sped on, his slight craft leaping like a live thing under the impetus of his powerful strokes. As the morning wore on into the afternoon and miles sped by, the steady flash of his dripping paddle as he dipped it first on one side then on the other, was all that disturbed the peace of the great river. Ever faster went the Indian down the river. Muscles slipped back and forth beneath his bronze skin which was glistening now as the sun shone on the perspiration forced from every pore by his ceaseless working of the paddle. Unbending and doggedly he clung to the trail

of the murderers and kidnappers.

Near the close of the day he heard ahead of him curses; then the splash of paddles. Redoubling his efforts until the canoe fairly flew along the darkening waters of the river, he came in sight of their canoe. Swiftly, silently, he bore down upon them, never swerving from his course, always with his straining eyes fixed upon one object, the child, which he could now see lying in the bottom of the canoe.

The robbers headed their canoe for the shore but as their craft grounded on an outreaching bar of land, the Indian was upon them. Straight at them he sprang, his light bark careening out into the current under the force of his spring. A flash, a groan. The chief turned to meet the second foe bearing upon him knife in hand. Cat-like they circled each other and then, one silently, the other with a snarl of hate and rage, they grappled. Back and forth, swaying, crashing over the rocky ground, they fought.

The "Boy" stood near by, his hands clenched, his eyes afire. Benumbed he seemed, but suddenly darting to the side of the fallen man, he snatched the knife from his hand and hastened towards the struggling forms now growing dim in the dusk.

The white man's strength was fast leaving him, when the Indian, slipping on the smooth stones was taken off his guard. Down came the white man's knife, but quicker still was the little arm which shot up between the struggling men and buried to the hilt the knife in the murderer's throat. The downward plunge of the white man's knife was stopped and as he fell limply against the chief, the Indian flung the body from him far out on the rocks, where it lay an inert mass never more to pollute the pure haunts of nature with its presence. The Indian sank to his knees and drawing the now trembling boy to him, he held him close with all the tender softness of a mother.

The "Chief" had repaid old John Dean's kindness, long forgotten by all but the Indian, and had revenged his death.

And today should you take a trip into the

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Alleghanies and the Smoky Range, perchance you would find a stalwart young woodsman whose only companion would be a wrinkled old Indian. This is "Boy" and the "Chief" dwelling together beneath the shade of the mighty

forest, and waiting the call of the Great Spirit to the happy hunting ground, where once again they will be "Old John Dean," the "Chief," and "Boy."

R. H. Marden, '09.

Chums

"I know it's hard luck, Red, but what is the use of worrying now, when the game doesn't come off until next week? Why, my boy, you can't tell what will happen in that time. I'm liable to break a leg Bob Carroll——"

The reason why "Babe" Cushing stopped so suddenly was not that breath failed him, but a good sized pillow from the bed, upon which Herbert (Red) Redding was sitting, came whirling through the air, and striking him squarely on the chin prevented him from finishing his sentence. "Red" followed up his successful attack by tipping his surprised roommate over, chair and all, and sitting on that much-abused individual's head.

"Now, young man, no more of that kidding from you, I am going to make that team if I have to beat you out." With this declaration of war he left his seat and allowed his vanquished enemy to regain his feet.

Herbert Redding, better known throughout Sumner Academy only as "Red" on account of his bright red hair, had, since the opening of school in September, one great ambition constantly in mind. This, no doubt, the reader will think was to be a lawyer, as his mother fondly hoped he would make, or a doctor, which his father was and wanted him to become. But it was neither of these. His one great desire was to make a position on the Sumner Academy football team and play in the big game of the year, that against Sumner's greatest rival, Hastings Preparatory School.

Redding had entered Sumner Academy four years before this time and hoped to graduate the following June. The two preceding seasons he had attempted to gain a place on the school foot-ball eleven and had failed. He had come

to Elmwood in September more determined than ever to win a place on the team.

The reason for his failure the year before had been, not lack of ability or grit, but his size. Redding weighed only one hundred and twenty-five pounds and this by the coach Walter Ramey, an old graduate of Sumner, was considered altogether too light to put up against the heavy team which Hastings always brought out.

With the few pounds extra weight which he had acquired during the summer Redding felt that his chances this fall were good. His three year's experience, together with his knowledge of the game, won for him a place at half-back on the team during the preliminary season.

Redding had lost his room-mate the preceding year, that inconsiderate young man having graduated. Thus, on the second day after the opening of school, a youth, six feet tall, with massive shoulders, and an extremely good natured and good looking face, strode into Redding's room and announced that his name was John Cushing and that he was Redding's new room-mate. From that day on Redding and his huge room-mate were inseparable friends. Cushing early acquired the nickname "Babe" which up to this time had clung to him. The students not satisfied with christening the two individually called them the "Heavenly Twins."

Cushing had tried for and easily made the position of half-back on the school team. He was, in fact, the strongest player on the Sumner Academy team and great things were expected of him in the big game against Hastings.

Redding's Waterloo came when one fine morning toward the last of October a finely built youth presented himself on the foot-ball field and

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announced himself to Ramey as a candidate for the backfield. Robert Carroll, for this was his name, had entered Sumner a week before this time. The new candidate proved his worth as a player from the very beginning and with his weight and all-round foot-ball ability was slowly but surely winning a place on the team.

To his dismay Redding realized that if any one in the backfield must make way for Carroll, it would be he himself, as Cushing and Hamilton, the captain, with Winslow, a veteran of two seasons, were playing the other positions.

A week before the game with Hastings, Walter Ramey, the coach, with much regret, for he admired Redding's pluck and determination, decided that it would be best for the team, to have Carroll in the backfield. He did not reach a decision until he learned that Hastings had an exceptionally heavy team that year.

Cushing was at the opening of the story trying to console his rather discouraged roommate when his sympathizing words were rewarded in the manner described.

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear, but unusually cold. As the rival teams left the gymnasium of Sumner Academy in the large barges for the field of battle, the sound of the cheering of the rival student bodies could be heard distinctly.

After a slight warming up practice and final instructions from their coaches, the teams lined up for the struggle.

Sumner's rather light team very soon discovered that the reports of Hastings' having an unusually heavy eleven were wholly true. Her team was kept continually on the defensive in the first half and if it had not been for the wonderful punting of "Babe" Cushing, the result would have been a large score in favor of Hastings at the end of the first period of play. As it was, Hastings, amid the exultant shouts of her adherents, scored a touch down toward the last of the half. Her over confident full-back missed an easy goal, for which he was extremely sorry after the game.

The second half began with Hastings more confident than ever and Sumner determined to keep the score at least as it was. "Babe" Cush-

ing had told Redding that he would surely get a chance to play part of the time, thereby getting the coveted "S." Redding realized as he saw Sumner going down to defeat and Carroll playing a star game that his chances were very slim.

These gloomy thoughts were quickly dispelled when in a second he was up on his feet yelling and waving a purple sweater. For Hamilton breaking through Hastings' line had gained twenty yards and Carroll had followed with a run around Hastings' left end for fifteen more. The Sumner side of the field was a mass of waving color. But the purple jerseys of the Sumner backs were unable to penetrate further through the heavy line of Hastings.

After a consultation, Cushing was seen standing ten yards from the centre. In a moment the ball came back to him and he sent it sailing over the enemy's goal by a beautiful drop-kick from the forty yard line.

The cheering had not yet subsided when the two teams again lined up for the kick-off. The score was now 5-4, in favor of Hastings, and Sumner still had a fighting chance.

Sumner received the kick-off and by a series of forward passes and line plays worked the ball to the middle of the field. An on-side kick luckily recovered by Sumner's left end brought the ball to Hastings' thirty-five yard line. Hamilton, seeing that this was the last chance to win, called on his team for a supreme effort. Aided by Carroll and Cushing, he began an irresistible advance through the heavy Hastings forwards.

On the ten yard line the Hastings' line would not give an inch. Cushing, in getting up after having tried an ineffectual plunge squarely into the huge Hastings' guard, happened to see "Red" Redding jumping up and down on the sideline. Two more unsuccessful tries were made by the exhausted backs of Sumner Academy and Cushing, lying on the ground, heard, with a sinking heart, the referee call out "Hastings' ball, first down." He thought of "Red" and then made apparent efforts to get up from the ground. In a moment Hamilton was at his side, "I guess it's my left knee, Bill," said Cushing. With much effort he stood up, and

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a little reluctantly was helped off the field. On the side line Ramey, the Sumner coach, was shaking his head and muttering to himself, "Looks mighty queer, I have never seen that fellow leave the game while he was able to stand up."

Redding's opportunity had come. Stopping only to inquire of his friend's injury, he was in his position in less time than it takes to relate it.

Standing on his goal line the Hastings' full-back prepared to punt. Redding had noticed throughout the game the opposing centre's poor passing. He moved up from his position of defensive half-back to one directly behind his own left tackle. The moment the ball was passed he was through the Hastings' line, having gotten in in some unexplained way, (a way which he could not explain himself after the game.) As luck would have it, the pass was poor, the opposing full-back being compelled to reach for it on the ground. Redding was upon him before he had straightened himself and by a fierce tackle threw him across his own goal line.

For a moment there was a great silence all

over the field. Then, the Sumner contingent broke out into wild cheering which did not cease until a few minutes later, when the game ended.

Cushing had had sufficient time to escape the mob of wildly cheering youths, but not so with Redding and the remaining members of the victorious team. As rocking seriously on the shoulders of two youths of his own age he gazed at the score board upon which the figures, Sumner 6—opponents 5, met his gaze, he proudly felt that he had indeed won his "S."

From his comfortable position in the barge half lying on the sweaters and cushions, Cushing saw the red head of his chum triumphantly leading the procession. He felt that he had done the right thing by him and as a result felt happier than he had ever felt before.

"I'll have to put on a limp for a month or two so as not to spoil it," he thought. For a month after the memorable game, "Babe" Cushing was an object of sympathy to all the students with his sometimes exaggerated limp.

A. J. Jobin, '09.

The Coral Drops

It was such a gloomy day without, that Marie begged her mother to allow her to take the treasured jewel box from the old cedar chest, so that she might amuse herself by looking over its contents. She was granted her request and huddled among the pillows in the large leather-cushioned arm chair before the open fire, she looked through the old gems one by one. Last of all she picked up a small dusty box and found in it a coral drop. She examined it closely and seeing the dainty carvings upon it she asked, "Mother, what is this?"

"Why, Marie, have I never told you about that dear old coral?" Her mother hesitated, then went on: "It was one of your great grandmother's earrings which were given to her by one of the nobility of the English court.

"When my dear grandmother died, she gave one of these drops to each of her daughters. She expressed the desire that these jewels be carefully preserved and after three generations, one drop should be given to a son of one family and the second to a daughter of the other. My dear grandmother's wish will be faithfully carried out with regard to this drop which is now to be yours. I have no knowledge of what has become of the other coral as our family is so widely scattered. It may be that it has been lost or its story forgotten. Who knows?"

"But, deary, think no more about it, it is merely a pretty tale, and only illustrates one of the many odd ways of the dear old lady."

Marie was allowed to wear the coral as a pendant and as time passed by many of her

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hours were spent in day dreams. "Would it be possible that she would ever meet the owner of the second gem? Was it lost? Was its story lost?" These were the questions she often asked herself.

Two years later, on Marie's twentieth birthday she stood with her mother and father at the rail of a large ocean liner, waving to her friends on shore. She was going to Europe to pursue her studies in music.

As she sat in her steamer chair she often fingered the beloved pendant which she always wore. "No one had ever recognized it——. But perhaps—in Europe—oh no, it could not be," were the thoughts that passed through her mind dreamily.

While in Europe Marie met many of her relatives, near and distant. She became a chum of an orphan boy who lived with her aunt in England. The boy's mother had been a dear friend and relative of Marie's aunt, with whom Walter had lived since his mother's death. He was an interesting young man, a graduate of Oxford, and as his aunt (as he called her) was an invalid, he showed Marie and her parents the historical spots near his home. He also travelled much with them and as they furthered their acquaintance with him, the strength and beauty of his character deeply impressed them.

Walter and Marie had many interests in

common and so found great pleasure in each other's companionship. One day she told him the tale of her coral. He was fascinated with the story and said he would like to have known the old grandmother. Marie sighed, for Walter, then, had never heard the story before. Her dreams were shattered and she wished that she had not told her story to him.

Marie and her parents were to return to America the following week. She often thought how lonesome she would be without Walter, for she now realized she loved him.

As Marie bade Walter goodbye, he said, "I feel that it may be only for a short time that I shall be away from you—a few weeks, Marie,—but that all depends upon you," he smiled confidently. "Here is a little token I wish you to have, in memory of our first acquaintance. Open it on the steamer and let me know your answer."

While the steamer sailed out of the South Hampton Harbor, Marie remained on the deck until she could see her friends no longer, then she went into her cabin, purposely to look at her small bundle. With trembling hands she raised the cover of a little velvet box, and there, smiling up at her was—the second coral. It seemed as if fate had joined hands with the dear old grandmother.

Ninon Lacey. '09.





Basket Ball

Season of 1909

The candidates for the team were called out about two weeks after the close of the foot ball season. As was expected, a large number of promising players reported for the first practice.

After a number of trial games, a team consisting of the Bates brothers at the forward positions, Howe at centre, and Marsh and Prout backs, was selected.

The first game on the schedule was won with this line-up. The team was obliged to play the next two games with two of the regular players missing. There were four games during the season which were played without the aid of some regular player: in two cases the absence was due to illness; in the other cases it was due to failure in studies.

In the Brockton game a change was made in the line-up. S. Bates was shifted to guard and Manning was put in as a regular forward, his fast playing in the two preceding games having won for him a place on the team. The winning of this game, in which Manning's work was the feature, proved this to be a wise move. The remaining games of the schedule, except two, were played with the above line-up.

The schedule, though hard, was a good one and gave the students and teachers an opportunity to see in action some of the fastest school teams around Boston. In the cases of Rock Ridge and

Winthrop, though our team was defeated, these games were exceptionally well played and hard fought. Two games with each of these fast and heavy teams proved to be a pretty hard test for our five.

Second team or class games were played between the halves of the big games, as was done last year. The team as a whole did not come up to expectations, at times playing in championship form, while at other times much could be desired.

The two last games of the season proved the real worth of the team, the winning of the Milton game at Milton being a good finish to the basket ball season of 1909.

It would be unfair to overlook the second team in this brief review, for much credit is due to its members. As in foot ball a second team was maintained throughout the season.

The second team of this season, unlike that of last year, was continually in an unsettled state, but in spite of this, won three out of four games played with outside teams and daily gave the first, very interesting and close contests.

BASKET BALL SCORES

Quincy 16	Reading 11.
Quincy 19	Milton 14.
Quincy 10	Melrose 44
Quincy 55	Braintree 2.
Quincy 12	Rock Ridge 65.
Quincy 25	Brockton 22.
Quincy 16	Winthrop 34.
Quincy 21	Reading 27.
Quincy 17	Concord 23.
Quincy 9	Winthrop 56.
Quincy 11	Rock Ridge 34.
Quincy 37	Milton 21.

SECOND TEAM SCORES

Quincy 37	Reading 10.
Quincy 25	Winthrop 16.
Quincy 34	Reading 16.
Quincy 21	Winthrop 29.

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Girls' Basket Ball

The girls' indoor Basket Ball game, which was introduced last year into Q. H. S., has continued this year. Very few girls, however, have taken advantage of the opportunity offered them, but all who have, are glad of a chance to thank Miss Garrity and Mr. Cleveland through the "Golden Rod," for the pleasant and exciting afternoons they have given us.

Almost all of the girls who have showed up for practice are seniors; very seldom have there been enough juniors for a whole team. No sophomores, as yet, have shown up, so that class tournaments have been impossible. The seniors regret this very much. With such good material a strong team could be developed and they could easily prove themselves the champions.

B. M. B. '09.

Inter-Class Rivalry

A feature of the basket ball season this year was the rivalry between the five classes of our school. In preceding years the annual field day afforded an opportunity for the two upper classes to struggle for supremacy; but the freshmen and sophomores have practically never played an important part in these games.

A short while after the Christmas vacation, the seniors challenged the post-graduates to a bowling tournament. This was won by the seniors. Almost immediately after this event, these two classes engaged in a basket ball game, the post-grads turning the tables on their rivals.

The three other classes followed the example of their older companions, and game after game of basket ball between the five classes followed. The fact that none of the members of the first team were allowed to take part in these games caused them to be more evenly contested.

Some of the class games were played between the halves of the big games and furnished rare amusement to the spectators. The desire to win evidently was there in full force, for a spectator, not knowing that the contestants were rival classmen, would surely have thought that someone's life was at stake.

The sophomores proved themselves a fast combination and by superior team work and shooting defeated their rivals in every game, in some cases by overwhelming scores.

These contests between the classes brought to light a number of promising players, who doubtless will make good next year.

On the ninth of March the regular inter-class tournament was started, when the sophomore team defeated the seniors 22 to 16. A schedule made out by Mr. Holbrook is now being followed. These games will decide which class will be champion for 1909.

Athletic Comment

The last game with Rock Ridge, played here, was exceptionally hard fought and well played.

Some fast teams were played: Melrose, Rock Ridge, Winthrop,—quite a trio.

Manning in spite of his size proved to be a find, and will be a valuable asset to next year's team.

It is hoped that there will be sufficient interest in track athletics to form a team this spring. There should be at least five athletes from Q. H. S. in the Harvard Interscholastics this year.

It was unfortunate that Rindge Manual did not show up on Washington's birthday, for the fellows were looking forward to that game and it would undoubtedly have been a close contest.

The gym classes are now in full swing. Attention! Toe the line, boys.

Cook, '09, and Gurney, '09, competed in the Interscholastic Indoor meeting held at Mechanics Building, February 27. Gurney represented the school at the meeting of the New England Interscholastic Athletic Association held at the B. A. A. clubhouse on the same day.

Some of the inter-class games were far from resembling ping-pong matches. Interclass rivalry was certainly in evidence this winter.

The other classes must bow to their conquerors at basket ball—the sophomores.

All out for the swimming team. Candidates report to Mr. Graves.

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The girls played basket ball this winter, but no outside games were played.

Russell Bates has been elected to lead the basket ball team next year. It is an unusual

thing to be leader of both the foot ball and basket ball teams.

The seniors can bowl some.

Exit basket ball—enter base ball.

Alumni Notes

A Glimpse at Mt. Holyoke College

Without the beauty of her campus, Mt. Holyoke college would lack one feature of her ideal life: situated on a low hill, it slopes gently down to "the brook" and Lake Nonotuck, only to rise again in a wooded hill called Prospect, and in the distance, the Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke ranges, in all their varying hues, stand guard over it. On the North Campus, along the east side of College street are grouped the art building, the library, and Mary Lyon chapel and behind them the Science and Botanical buildings. Then a little grove intervenes, on the lower border of which South Campus begins: the "Gym," the new Music building, and six large dormitories grouped in a deeply bent crescent. To gain just space enough for its largest dormitory and Miss Wooley's new residence, the campus extends across College street. The open vistas and green lawns between its buildings give a roomy air to the whole campus.

All the days here are full ones. Immediately after breakfast, light domestic work claims half an hour, which secures a democratic spirit. The chapel bell at eight thirty summons the eight hundred students to a short service conducted by Miss Wooley. At the close, the Seniors in their caps and gowns march sedately down the aisle while the rest of us sing a recessional. Somehow, this brief service sends us out with the desire to live up to the best that is in us. Recitations and study occupy the time from "Chapel" until quarter of five with an hour and a half of recess at noon. Such is a day's program, strenuous enough to make us gladly turn out our lights at ten, in accordance with Student League rules.

Many good times, however, mingle with the hard work. Just now, they are taking the form of basket ball games. At the first one, the sister

classes, the Seniors in white and green and the Sophomores wearing black and yellow, came out arm in arm and took a daffodil each from "Victor Vim," the Sophomore mascot. Then the battle was on, but the tall Seniors passed the ball with such certainty over the Sophomore's heads, that the victory was an easy one. Next, the Juniors and Freshmen, sister classes, appeared in red and blue and exchanged red and white roses. This game was of course more exciting for us Freshmen and we fairly held our breath in wonder that the ball should be so often at our goal, since the Juniors are such expert players. Before the games and at intermission, the classes sang their clever songs. Above the hostility that would have been expected, rose a strong sister-class spirit so that the Seniors and Sophomores cheered each other on and the same feeling existed between the Juniors and Freshmen. Indeed, the last words to ring out as we left the building, were those of our class call sung by the Juniors.

Thus it is, that through the blending of its wonderful scenery, its hard work, its religious life, and its many unique pleasures, Mt. Holyoke college is so dear to the hearts of all her daughters.

Marion Farwell, '08.

Sargent School

The Sargent School for Physical Education is without doubt the finest school of its kind in the country. The teachers both in theory and in practice are, in a number of cases, Harvard instructors also, and experts in their line of work. Both the theory and practice divisions of the course are so presented that in one there is constant reference made to the other and a harmonious unit results.

Many people have a very vague impression, I find, of the theoretic part of the course.

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The majority have an idea that all our time is spent in "Skinning the cat," vaulting, and high jumping. We do learn to do all these things, but have plenty of studying to do, too. The Freshmen have the following prescribed courses: Physiology, Hygiene, Anatomy, Kinesiology or Applied Anatomy, History of Physical Education, and Voice Training. Those who have had no Chemistry or Physics take those studies also. Mid-year and final examinations are held in theory and in practice as well.

The practice course is so pleasant that it seems almost out of place to call it work. Competitive games of different kinds are a serious part of this work, but everyone enters into the spirit of them with such zest and each girl is so merry if defeated and so modest if vic-

torious, that a pleasant, sportsmanlike atmosphere prevails. Swedish gymnastics, fencing, fancy dancing, apparatus work, dumb-bells, and Indian-clubs complete the list of practice work. Every effort is made to raise the standard of the entire class in these exercises rather than to encourage remarkable "stunts" by a few individual members.

I cannot say enough in praise of the spirit of the Sargent school. There is an abundance of wholesome, fun-loving energy among the girls with a strong mixture of steadfast determination to reach the head of their profession. Each girl is there for a purpose and no matter how much fun and laughter goes into her work there is common sense and careful judgment with it.

Lucile Elwell, '08.



Two boys reported at the office one morning for being late, and when asked the reason, one of them said, "I overslept. You see I dreamed I was going on a railroad trip. I had just reached the station when I woke up and found it was 'way past school time."

"And why were you late?" asked the master turning to the other boy.

"Oh, I went down to the station to see him off," was the unexpected reply. Ex.

There was a boy in our school,
And he was wondrous wise,
He took his books home ev'ry night,
And wore out both his eyes.

But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his strength of brain,
He did not touch another book,
And got his sight again.

N. W., '10.

Teacher—"What is the figure of speech in 'Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax'?"

Pupil—"Vision."

Pupil's pun—"There is only one place where any fun comes into the play of 'Hamlet' and that is in a *grave* way."

Latin translation—"The hill rises with a downward slope."

Wanted—An elocution teacher for English IV classes.

Miss D-hl, translating—"Schlug er die Augen nieder." "He threw his eyes to the ground."

Teacher—"Turn around, Mr. M-r-u. You are making those behind you laugh."

Mr. M-r-u—"I didn't do anything."

Teacher—"I don't know whether they were laughing at your actions or your face."

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German translation—"Der Heizer hantierte von Zeit zu Zeit an den Ventilen herum." "The stoker handed the bottle from time to time to the valves."

Teacher—"What is a solo?"

Pupil—"A piece of music."

French translation—"On entendit un chant ravissant." "They heard a ravishing song."

Latin teacher to pupil—"Cicero was not preserved, he was pickled."

The second debating team in English IV A was a peculiar combination: Cook Miss Brooks Brown and Hard (y).

Instructor—"Mr. L-th-rs, please tell us about the paragraph on carbon."

Mr. L-th-rs—"I haven't finished reading it yet."

Teacher (to Mr. B-r-s, '08)—"Pupils are expected not to eat candy during school hours."

A few minutes later B-r-s is seen chewing vigorously.

Teacher—"I said that no one should eat candy in school hours."

Mr. B-r-s—"I'm trying to swallow it as quick as I can."

B-t-s, '10, (translating "Kindchen")—"I guess it means kid."

NATURALLY.

Resolved:—That the Quincy High School should have an indoor athletic meet for the support of the base-ball team.

Affirmative—High School students.

Negative—Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland won.

Miss S.—"Mr. A-th-r, why didn't you come up here yesterday after school?"

Mr. A-th-r (slowly)—"I forgot."

Miss. S.—"Are you in the habit of forgetting?"

Mr. A-th-r—"Yes 'um."

Mr. S-yd-r—"The sopranos should come in while the basses are holding 'mi'!" Groans from some of the basses.

Mr. Cole to Miss H-y-s—"Is it clear now, or still a bit hazy?"

Why did the Juniors pick Cory for president? Because even his hair showed brightness.

Notice to Seniors—Nolan will receive any payment of back dues.

Heard March 9, "Come on in, the water's great."

Teacher (immediately after the Christmas vacation)—"Mr. G-e, ('08,) which of the Christmas presents you received, did you like best?"

Mr. G-e (supposed to reply in French)—"I don't know how to say it in French."

Teacher—"Well, tell us in English."

Mr. G-e—"A safety razor."

Teacher—"What is made from flaxseed?"

Pupil—"Cottonseed oil."

C. K-II, '10, had been telling an English III class how the Ben Greet players produced "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Teacher—"What character did you like best?"

C. K-II—"That idiotic fellow."

Teacher—"Because 'like minds run in the same direction'?"

FRESHMAN'S LENTEN SACRIFICE.

Father's gave up billiards.

(Since he lamed his wrist)

Sister's gave up dancing.

Mother's gave up whist.

Folks with no bad habits

Still may have some hope.

They can get in line like me.

I have gave up soap.

—The Circle—

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Not long' since Mr. K-ll, '10, kindly gave Eng. III an impersonation of Charles Lamb's phrase "a study in black." Fortunately the ink was none too black and washed off easily.

If the French for steamboat is "bateau de vapeur," is catboat translated by "bateau de chat?" Ask Mr. McC., '09.

A new version of an old story: "The colonies were not sure of obtaining freedom from the *yolk* and tyranny of England."

It is said that R-y-l, '10, is fond of Frye-d eggs.

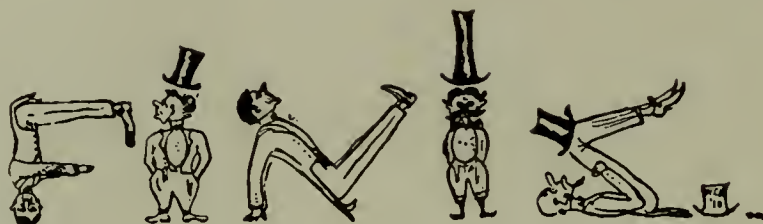
B-t-s, '10, is said to have added dancing to his other accomplishments. Oh, Russell!

B-o-n, '10 is said to have Tor(re) y principles.

Teacher (Math. II-A)—"Mr. H-m-n, please confine your attentions to Miss F— to recess and after school."

Mr. McC-y, '09, (translating at sight)—"In der ganzen tadelnden Stadt." "In the whole blamed state."

Teacher—"Miss —, you think the figure is all right because Mr. H— drew it?"



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